Another fill, wheee!

For **_BLUEBELLS**, NC-17, Raphael/Lucifer, non-con, chains, wallsex.

Lucifer, in chains.

Raphael has *wanted* this, has longed for this sight, can barely hold back her anticipation of time alone with Lucifer, in chains.

The room is cleared, the other angels ordered out, every angel leaving knows that this is between Raphael and Lucifer. None of them understand the darker urges at work here, as none of them are the original archangels, none of them were close to the most famous Fallen of all.

Raphael keeps it that way, and has no tolerance for those who understand.

The moment they are alone, Lucifer opens his eyes, meets Raphael's gaze.

He opens his mouth, begins to speak - Raphael strikes him, stops words before they are said.

There's stillness for a moment. They stare at each other. Lucifer's lips are stained with the force of the blow - Raphael very much likes blood on Lucifer's lips.

Raphael knows she hasn't been right since Lucifer left, and she accepts it, accepts the darkness within herself as she kisses Lucifer, bites at his lip and feels triumph at how weak Lucifer is before her.

It's why Raphael strikes Lucifer again, bruises his body both physically and metaphysically (there are ways to harm Grace, to make it hurt, even Grace so cold and broken as Lucifer's is) and reminds herself that Lucifer has earned this pain, and earned Raphael's wrath.

The chains rattle as Lucifer is moved by the blows, and Raphael lowers her hand, done with that.

Lucifer has ceased breathing, gives up on that habit all angels learn when using vessels. (Vessels will survive without air or food or anything as long as an angel is inside them, interacting with humanity though - it's good practice to breath, simply to hide their natures better that way.)

Raphael checks the smile that threatens to show, and tilts Lucifer's chin up.

"...Are you satisfied," Lucifer says. His voice is cold and unimpressed, and that is why Raphael does what she does next:

sinks herself down onto Lucifer, pushes him into her, she is enjoying the sensations and not, she is digging nails into skin, determined to make him hurt for any pleasure he gains, she was not surprised to find him so hard.

He is cold against her.

Raphael rides him against the wall, makes the chains move, makes Lucifer strain under the push and pull of her hips, makes Lucifer bruise where she holds on.

Her release rises in her, and crests, and if Lucifer comes she does not care, as he will suffer for it regardless, and when Raphael steps back, panting softly but in control, Lucifer is looking back at her.

He lifts his chin. He is not tamed.

Raphael runs a finger along his lips and lets herself smile, because now she has all the time in the world to break him.

And he will break. Raphael will see to that.